That rightly thinks, and haſt moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may ſpring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele ſhape his old courſe in a countrie new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloſter.

Gloſt. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.

Lear. My L. of *Burgũdie*, we firſt addres towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?

Burg. Royall maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leſſe? (vs

Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when ſhe was deere to
We did hold her ſo, but now her priſe is fallen,
Sir there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtãce, or al of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your grace,
Shees there, and ſhe is yours.

Burg. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Sir will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oth,
Take her or leaue her.

Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions. (me

Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whome nature is aſhamed
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe, that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monſtrous to diſmantell ſo many foulds of fauour,

Sure

Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnn
That monſters it, or you for voucht
Falne into taint, which to beleeue o
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without
Could neuer plant in me.

Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſti
If for I want that glib and oyly Art
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince wh
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you ma
It is no vicious blot, murder or foul
No vncleane action or diſhonord ſt
That hath depriu'd me of your gra
But euen for want of that, for which
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tong
As I am glad I haue not, though no
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou h
Then not to haue pleas'd me better

Fran. Is it no more but this, a ta
That often leaues the hiſtorie vnſpo
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what ſay yo
Loue is not loue when it is mingled
Aloofe from the intire point wil yo
She is her ſelfe and dowre.

Burg. Royall *Leir*, giue but tha
Which your ſelfe propoſd, and here
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*

Leir. Nothing, I haue ſworne.

Burg. I am ſory then you haue ſ
That you muſt looſe a huſband.

Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Offortune are his loue, I ſhall not b

Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia* that art mo
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lou
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze v
Be it lawfull I take vp whats caſt a
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrãge, that from th
My loue ſhould kindle to inflam'd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)